MARVEL | 004

SECRET WARS

M.O.O.K.™ MAGAZINE

YOST
PINNA
PALLOT
ROSENBERG

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD!**

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A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

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EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF,
AND THE DOMAIN OF **KILLVILLE** IS PROTECTED BY ITS DEADLIEST CITIZEN:

M.O.D.O.K. ASSASSIN

M.O.D.O.K., THE MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR <<<KILLING<<<, MADE THE ASSASSINS GUILD A LITTLE MAD. SO THEY SENT >>>EVERYONE>>> TO TAKE HIM AND HIS BEAUTIFUL NEW THOR PARTNER OUT. WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, THE <<<ULTRA-LAME>>> LORDS OF THE ASSASSINS GUILD CAME TO DO IT THEMSELVES. BUT BEFORE THEY COULD TRY, A HORDE OF MINDLESS KILLING <<<THINGS>>> APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE TO GET IN ON THE ACTION...

*THIS ISSUE TAKES PLACE BEFORE SECRET WARS #4.

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KILLVILLE.
EIGHT YEARS AGO.

GOD EMPEROR DOOM.
SURVEYING HIS KINGDOMS.

KNEEL!

KNEEL BEFORE YOUR GOD!

"KILLVILLE"?

I THOUGHT THAT WAS A *TYPO*.

VALERIA.
SCIENCE ADVISOR TO GOD DOOM.

THEY MOCK US, MY LOVE.

SILENCE, CLEA. THERE ARE LARGER THINGS AT PLAY HERE.

GOD DOOM WILL SEE HE NEEDS ME. THAT I, BARON MORDO, AM THE GREATEST SORCERER BATTLEWORLD HAS EVER KNOWN AND--

DISTASTEFUL IS WHAT IT IS, VALERIA. A LAND OF KILLERS? IT'S AN *ABOMINATION.*

STEPHEN STRANGE. SHERIFF TO GOD DOOM.

YOU ARE MY MOST TRUSTED ADVISOR, STEPHEN, BUT IN THIS WE DISAGREE. ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR USE, EVEN CREATURES SUCH AS THESE.

WHAT THE HECK IS A *M.O.D.O.K.?*

"MY MOST TRUSTED ADVISOR..."

STRANGE...

THIS IS >>>UNACCEPTABLE!! KNEELING IS INSULTING AND >>>DIFFICULT!

NOW.

A LESSER CREATURE WOULD BE *TERRIFIED* IN THIS SITUATION.

BUT I AM M.O.D.O.K., AND AS SUCH I AM USUALLY EXCITED BY THINGS LIKE THIS.

AS I WATCH THE KINGPIN'S FAT BOIL AWAY FROM HIS BONES, I FEEL ONLY >>>ANGER.

ANGER THAT IT WAS NOT I, M.O.D.O.K., THE *GREATEST KILLER* THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, WHO KILLED HIM.

NYEEAAARGH--

SPLAT

INSTEAD, IT WAS THESE...

...THINGS, WHATEVER THEY ARE.

I AM NOT GETTING ANY STRAY THOUGHTS FROM THESE CREATURES. IT'S AS IF THEIR MINDS ARE *PROTECTED*, OR...

M.O.D.O.K.!

WHAT IN DOOM'S NAME ARE THESE THINGS?!

OH, I SEE. ARE WE ON SPEAKING TERMS NOW, SHROUD?

JUST DEAL WITH THEM!

YOU SENT YOUR ASSASSINS TO *KILL* ME! *LIKE, FIVE MINUTES AGO.*

MOVE!!

BOOM

I WATCH AS THE SHROUD'S PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR KILLERS BATTLE THE ONCOMING HORDE OF >>>WHATEVERS.

VIPER WILL PROBABLY DIE FIRST, HER BULLETS AND POISONS AS *USELESS* AS SABRETOOTH'S CLAWS.

THE OCTOPUS WILL DIE *AGAIN*, WHICH WILL BE JUST AS >>>AMUSING AS THE FIRST TIME AROUND.

THESE FOOLS WERE NO MATCH FOR *ME*, THEY ARE CERTAINLY NO MATCH FOR THIS MINDLESS >>>ONSLAUGHT.

AND THEN THERE IS *THOR*. LOOK AT HER GRACE AND BEAUTY AS SHE LEAPS INTO THE FRAY WITH NO HESITATION, EXCITED BY THE PROSPECT OF *MURDERING* EVERYTHING SHE SEES.

SHE AND I ARE CLEARLY >>>SOULMATES.<<<

LOOK AT THE *SHROUD*. SO >>>SMUG. HE IS JEALOUS OF ME, WHICH HE SHOULD BE.

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU MELON-HEADED BUFFOON!!

THESE GOLEMS WILL NOT PIERCE MY DARKNESS.

YOU'RE DOING IT!

THEY ARE *POWERFUL*... BUT NO MATCH... FOR...

SPAK

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

I... I...

IT WAS >>>HABIT! I SWEAR!

YOU IDIOT! THE *SHROUD* WAS THE ONLY THING KEEPING THEM BACK!

IN TRUTH, THIS WAS ILL-PLAYED.

THEY WERE GOING TO BREAK THROUGH ANYWAY, YOU COULD TELL!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D JUST SPEED THINGS UP?! WHY DOES MORDO EVEN LET YOU LIVE?!

<<<DO NOT THINK THAT I WILL NOT KILL--

HM. PERHAPS WE SHOULD TABLE THIS CONVERSATION.

AS WE >>>STRATEGICALLY REPOSITION, I CANNOT HELP BUT ADMIRE THESE MINDLESS ONES.

ZAP

ZAP

ZAP

ZAP

WHILE THEY DO NOT SEEM TO ENJOY THE DELICIOUS SLAUGHTER THEY ARE COMMITTING...

...THEY'RE CERTAINLY *EFFICIENT* ABOUT IT.

I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DECAPITATE VIPER.

I HOLD NO ILL WILL AGAINST SABRETOOTH, BUT CUTTING THROUGH HIS TORSO WITH A >>>LASER SEEMS DELIGHTFUL.

IT IS CLEAR THESE MURDEROUS AUTOMATONS HAVE TO DIE, BUT IN ANOTHER LIFE...WE COULD HAVE BEEN >>>FRIENDS.

WILL YOUR SHIELDS HOLD?

AS LONG AS I AM NOT DISTRACTED.

DIE, M.O.D.O.K.!!

>>>SERIOUSLY? DID YOU NOT HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?!

DIIEAAACK--

SHUNK

YOU... YOU SAVED MY LIFE.

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?

I...I DO NOT ACTUALLY KNOW.

WE SHOULD LEAVE.

>>>AGREED.

AS I EVADE LEAPING MONSTERS AND LASER FIRE, I AM ONLY MAD AT MYSELF.>>>

WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?! SO MANY BETTER THINGS I COULD HAVE SAID JUST THEN.

BUT SHE IS HOLDING MY HAND.

ADMITTEDLY, SHE WOULD FALL TO A GRISLY DEATH IF SHE DID NOT, BUT THE FACT REMAINS.

THOR AND I FLY OFF INTO THE SUNSET TOGETHER.

PERHAPS THERE IS MORE TO MY DESIGN THAN KILLING.

I SEE *NO WAY* IN WHICH THIS COULD GO BAD.

CASTLE DOOM.

THIS IS BAD.

FINDING THIS ERRANT THOR...IS MORE *DIFFICULT* THAN IT SHOULD BE.

A SQUAD OF THORS AWAIT YOUR COMMAND, SHERIFF.

SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING...

SO ODD... SOMETHING IS OBFUSCATING... WAIT...

THERE.

KILLVILLE.

ALL RIGHT.

YOU HAVE MY INTEREST.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOUR HAMMER. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR CURRENT >>>PREDICAMENT THAT IS NAGGING AT ME.

I BELIEVE--

THOK

UHN!

M.O.D.O.K.?!

I RECOGNIZE THAT SHIELD.

I HAVE FELT IT BREAK MY NOSE BEFORE.

ARCHERS?!

NO. NOT ARCHERS. THAT WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHIELD. THOSE ARE HAWKEYE'S ARROWS.

THOK THOK THOK

THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...

<<<TASKMASTER!!>>>

YOU @#$%^& MORONIC, IMBECILIC, GRINNING BUFFOON!

I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THINKING SOMETHING!

WHOA.

DO YOU KNOW THIS WARRIOR?

WARRIOR? TASKMASTER IS MERELY AN ABILITY THIEF, USING THE WEAPONS OF HEROES I *KILLED*.

YOU DARE TO INTERRUPT *ME*?!

HEY, SORRY. I WAS JUST...TRYING TO KILL YOU.

WHATEVER. NOW WHERE WAS I? THE ENERGY SPHERE OVER YOUR HAMMER... THE BOLT THAT TOOK YOU DOWN...

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME, I'M GOING TO *KILL*--

BE SILENT, MORTAL! *M.O.D.O.K.* IS THINKING.

IT WAS BARON MORDO!

I DO NOT KNOW *WHY* HE DID IT, BUT I KNOW IT WAS HIM.

HEY! EXCUSE ME! CAN WE FOCUS HERE?

NO BARON WOULD *DARE* ATTACK A *THOR*.

YOU ARE NOT FAMILIAR WITH MORDO OR THE DEPTHS OF HIS >>>ARROGANCE/IDIOCY.

"THE BOLT THAT STUCK YOU DOWN FROM THE SKIES...

"THE DOME OF ENERGY SURROUNDING YOUR HAMMER...

"WHATEVER IS CLOAKING YOU FROM TECHNOLOGY...

"THESE MINDLESS CREATURES ATTEMPTING TO KILL US..."

THIS IS *MAGIC.*

AND THERE ARE ONLY TWO MAGICIANS LEFT IN KILLVILLE.

"NAY.

"IT CANNOT BE."

ALL KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES OF SUCH TREACHERY.

THE SHIELD, THEN THE DEADLANDS.

BUT WHAT IF NO ONE KNEW MORDO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT. YOU'RE DEAD.

IF THIS IS TRUE, M.O.D.O.K., THEN YOU WOULD KNOW.

THAK

WHAT THE--

>>>I AM STILL WORKING OUT THE DETAILS.

COME HERE, TASKMASTER... I HAVE NEED OF YOU AFTER ALL.

VMM

URK!

SHRACK

I LIVE TO SERVE M.O.D.O.K.! I LIVE TO--

AHHH--!

THE MINDLESS ONES...

IT WOULD SEEM THERE ARE EVEN MORE OF THEM NOW.

DOES THAT CONCERN YOU?

CONCERN? NO...

EXCITE.

HAVE AT THEE!!

DEVILSLAYER IS NEAR! WE MUST CLEAR A PATH!

KILL THEM ALL!!

IN TRUTH, IF MORDO CREATED THESE THINGS, HE'S DONE HIS JOB WELL. WITH NO MINDS TO SEIZE OR EXPLODE, WE HAVE TO DO THINGS >>>THE HARD WAY.

BZZZZ

BUT THAT MAKES IT ALL THE GREATER.

LOOK AT THE HEADS AND LIMBS AS THEY FALL, MAGIC FLOWING FROM THEM LIKE >>>BLOOD.

LOOK AT EACH PIECE, GROWING, RISING UP TO BECOME A NEW >>>AW CRAP.

THIS MIGHT BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN PREVIOUSLY ESTIMATED.

WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

NAY... ONLY MORE THINGS TO KILL.

THERE...MY HAMMER...

EXCUSE ME, *THOR?* YOU SEEM TO BE >>>LEAVING ME TO DIE.

HOLD THEM OFF!

THOR?!

"HOLD THEM OFF," SHE SAYS.

A THOUSAND UNKILLABLE DEATH MACHINES, AND SHE SAYS "HOLD THEM OFF."

>>>SHE BELIEVES IN ME!

AND I WILL NOT LET HER DOWN!

I WILL KILL *EVERYTHING* IN THIS *DOOM-FORSAKEN* KINGDOM TO PROVE MYSELF TO HER.

LUCKILY, THIS IS WHAT I WAS *DESIGNED* FOR.

IF THIS TRULY BE DARK MAGIC STANDING BETWEEN US... THEN IT SHALL STAND NO MORE.

HNNN!!

KRAAH

SHE PUSHES HER HAND INTO THE ENERGY FIELD. I CANNOT IMAGINE THE WILL IT TAKES...OR THE *PAIN*.

THOR! *THOR!!*

MY SENSORS CANNOT EVEN CALCULATE THE POWER IN PLAY HERE.

IN PART BECAUSE OF THESE THINGS CRAWLING ALL OVER ME.

BUT SHE DOES NOT STOP.

NYYEAARGH!!

THOOOOOORR!!

KRAKOOM!

FROM THE >>>MIGRAINE>>> I HAVE, I CAN INFER THAT I AM STILL ALIVE.

WHATEVER THAT WAS, IT GAVE ME RESPITE FROM THE *MINDLESS ONES*.

WHERE IS--

THOR.

ALIVE, THANK *DOOM*, BUT UNCONSCIOUS. HER HAND IS FLAYED...

...BUT SHE DID IT.

HER HAMMER IS *FREE*.

WHICH LEAVES ME WITH A PROBLEM.

THOR! THOR!

IT WOULD BE CONVENIENT IF YOU WERE TO WAKE UP NOW AND SAVE OUR LIVES!

EVEN IN UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND/OR A POTENTIAL COMA, SHE IS TRULY BEAUTIFUL.

BUT NOW IT IS I WHO MUST SAVE HER.

THE HAMMER LIES THERE, WAITING TO BE HELD. TO BE USED. IT WANTS TO KILL, JUST LIKE *ME*.

I CAN DO THIS.

I AM WORTHY OF KILLING THINGS WITH THIS HAMMER.

I CAN--

HURNN!

THIS HAMMER IS VERY >>>HEAVY.

YOU POOR, PATHETIC MONSTER.

EH?!

THE ONLY THING YOU ARE WORTHY OF...

...IS *DEATH.*

TO BE >>>CONCLUDED!

<<<NEXT ISSUE>>>

KILLVILLE!

ZONE